

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cosmos*.



A SUDDEN ALARM.

## THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.

CHAPTER VI.—MISS MALCOLM ENLIGHTENS MRS. VAN BROEK RESPECTING THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF THEIR FELLOW-BOARDERS, AND MEETS WITH AN UNPLEASANT INTERRUPTION.

MRS. VAN BROEK rose from the table with the rest of the ladies, and withdrew with them to the drawing-room; but, after a very brief sojourn, and before the gentlemen had returned from the verandah in the rear of the house, whither they usually assembled to smoke after dinner, she pleaded fatigue, and retired with her maid to her own apartments. During the following day she was chiefly occupied in re-arranging the furniture of

her rooms to suit her fancy, and in writing to her parents and sister, and to her husband. In fact, she scarcely appeared to any of the boarders, excepting at meal-times. She had, however, already formed a friendship with Miss Malcolm, the young lady next to whom she was seated at table. Miss Malcolm had visited her in her own rooms, and when, on the third day after breakfast, Mrs. Van Broek accompanied the rest of the ladies into the morning sitting-room, that young lady led her to an ottoman near the bow-window and seated herself by her side.

"I have brought you here," she said, "to have you

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

all to myself. I see you are a stranger yet to most of the ladies."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Van Broek. "I have hardly exchanged a word with any one but Mrs. Lyman and yourself, except at table. I feel so lonesome in a strange house without my husband. However, I received a letter from Mr. Van Broek this morning, and he writes that he will be at Stuyvesant House by dinner-time to-day. When he comes I shall be more familiar, I hope. As it is, though Mrs. Lyman mentioned the names of the ladies to me, I have really forgotten most of them."

"Then I will appoint myself your instructress, and refresh your memory," said Miss Malcolm. "Ah! Miss Dunlop"—she addressed herself to a young lady about her own age who was standing near—"come and sit beside us. There is plenty of room on the ottoman. We will take you into our confidence. Miss Dunlop and I," she said to Mrs. Van Broek, "are the only unmarried females among the boarders, and we are great friends."

Miss Dunlop, a tall slender brunette of seventeen or eighteen years of age, who had more the appearance of a native of Southern Europe than of an American girl, seated herself as requested, and Miss Malcolm went on to say—

"You must know, Mattie, that I've taken it upon myself to enlighten this lady respecting the names and specialities of some of our fellow-boarders—the ladies, I mean, of course. I shall leave Mrs. Van Broek to acquaint herself with the gentlemen through her husband. Who shall I begin with?"

"When is Mr. Van Broek expected to return from the Manor?" asked Miss Dunlop, interrupting Miss Malcolm.

"This afternoon," replied Mrs. Van Broek. "I received a letter from Schenectady this morning."

"The Manor is near Schenectady, I believe?" continued Miss Dunlop.

"So I am told. I have never visited it. We passed within a few miles of the place on our journey from Niagara Falls to Saratoga Springs. But my husband says I am not to visit the Manor until the new house he is building is completed and ready for our reception."

"When you have finished catechising Mrs. Van Broek, Mattie," said Miss Malcolm, "I will commence my self-imposed duties. You shall correct me if I go astray."

"Go on, then, Jane dear," said Miss Dunlop.

"Unfortunately," commenced Miss Malcolm, "there are few of our younger ladies present. The fine weather has tempted them over to New York to see the new autumn fashions. However, you see that tall, thin lady, with false curls and a Roman nose, and with gold-rimmed spectacles, who is reading, and ever and anon glancing upwards to the ceiling, and squinting this way all the time? That is Mrs. Doctor Benson. She is one of our characters. She is what is termed a strong-minded woman, and is an advocate of 'woman's rights.' She gives lectures on the subject occasionally, and stands up for the superiority of the feminine over the masculine intellect, and is deeply versed in all the 'isms' and 'ologies' of the day. She wore the Bloomer costume for nearly a twelvemonth, though her form is ill-adapted to suit it; and, though she made herself such a guy that all the children in the streets used to run after her, she would have persisted in wearing it to this day, I believe, only that one day a man stopped right before her, and told her to her face that she was

the 'humiliest'\* human creature he had ever come across. She couldn't stand that, and so she left off wearing the costume, under protest, charging the necessity to the supineness of the feminine sisterhood, who were afraid to assert their rights in consequence of their cringing terror of that tyrant man. Mrs. Benson was left a widow about ten years ago, with 50,000 dollars and two infant children; but about two years ago she married an English radical, a surgeon by profession, who was glad enough of her 50,000 dollars, and took her and her incumbrances into the bargain. She married him because he fell into a rhapsody over Bunker Hill monument. Of course it was all pretence on his part. I should hate him for it. I should hate any foreigner whom I heard running down his own country as that man does England, American girl as I am. But she believes in him, and is very fond of telling the story of her courtship: you'll hear it before you've been here a week. Mrs. Benson is the only woman in the world whom I thoroughly dislike. I can see through her, and she knows it; so there is little love lost between us. Enough of her: you'll know both her and her husband by-and-by. That dear old motherly-looking lady, with white hair, who is sitting knitting near the piano, is in all respects—in mind and disposition, as well as in person—the very antithesis of Mrs. Benson. Her name is Whittaker. She is the happy wife of a wealthy New York merchant, and her husband is as perfect an old gentleman as she is the lady. I couldn't tell you how much they give away in charity every year; and I never heard either of them speak ill of any person. Everybody loves Mrs. Whittaker who knows her; but, as good people never require such a lengthened biography as bad people, I'll pass on to the next lady—"

"Has she no family—Mrs. Whittaker, I mean?" asked Mrs. Van Broek.

"She has several married daughters," interposed Miss Dunlop; and, glancing archly at Miss Malcolm, the young lady added, "She has one son in the United States army, whom Jane always seems to forget, though he visits Stuyvesant House whenever he can get a furlough."

Miss Malcolm, blushing deeply, replied, "No, Mattie, I never forget those whom I like. Mrs. Whittaker's daughters I have never seen. Captain Whittaker, who is a brave soldier, and who distinguished himself in Mexico, often visits us, and I don't hesitate to say that his own parents are not more glad to welcome him than I am." She smilingly returned Miss Dunlop's glance as she spoke, and then went on.

"Next comes that comfortable-looking body seated at the opposite window." The young lady stopped short. "Oh, Mattie dear," she said, "I was almost outraging the proprieties. I forgot that that lady is your aunt."

"Go on, Jane," replied Miss Dunlop. "I know what you are going to say about her, and I assure you I dislike to listen to my uncle and aunt when they mount their favourite hobbies quite as much as you do. I only wish somebody would have the courage to shame them out of their idle boasts."

"Well, Mattie," said Miss Malcolm, "if I'm free to speak of your aunt, I must first speak of you, my dear. This young lady—Matilda Dunlop—Mrs. Van Broek, though she is heart and soul an American girl, was born in Italy, and her mother was an Italian. Mr. Dunlop, her deceased father (for my dear Mattie is an orphan),

\* "Homely"—in New England "humly"—is the term for "ugly" throughout the United States. "Ugly" is applied to a person with a bad temper.

was the brother of Mrs. Latham—the lady near the window—and was for many years United States Consul at the place where Matilda was born. After the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Latham made interest with the party in power at Washington to secure the consulate, which he retained for eight years. During the time he held this office he travelled with his wife and his niece, whom he had adopted, over great part of Europe, and, according to his own account, was hand-in-glove with all the noblemen he met. Mr. and Mrs. Latham are very excellent people, barring that little peculiarity. But Mr. Latham has a most exaggerated idea of the position and duties of a consul, and you cannot speak of Europe without his interposing and bragging of the number of counts, dukes, earls and marquises, and princes, and what not, that he is upon terms of the most intimate friendship with. Of course, it's all nonsense. Any one who knows what are the duties attached to a consulate knows also that, though a respectable, it is, comparatively speaking, an inferior position. These very dukes and counts would scorn to notice him very likely. And what makes it worse is, his wife follows when he has started the subject, and is as replete with her anecdotes of countesses and baronesses as he is with those of lords and barons. Now I hate sham of every description, and what offends me more is this grovelling worship in Americans of foreign titles. I hold that a true American gentleman is the equal of any man on earth, and the superior of any prince or lord who depends upon his rank and title alone for his claims to gentility. Still, as I have said, barring this ridiculous servile weakness, Mr. and Mrs. Latham are very worthy people, and Mrs. Latham, especially, is rather a favourite of mine."

"A letter for Mistrus Van Broek, av ye plaize," said the Irish lad who did duty as butler, footman, and page at the Stuyvesant House establishment, entering the room at this juncture with a plated salver in his hand, on which the letter reposed, and marching up towards the lady.

Mrs. Van Broek started from her seat.

"A letter for me!" she exclaimed. "From whom can it have come? I heard from home, and also from my husband, this morning."

It was a square-folded, strange-looking letter, without an envelope, and directed in a large round hand, like that of a child, or a person unused to writing. Mrs. Van Broek shuddered as she glanced at the superscription, and seemed to shrink from taking it from the salver which the servant held out to her.

"Av ye plaize, ma'am," said the man, "'tis no reg'lar post as brought the letter, as ye'll persave whin ye see there's nary postmark an it. A feymale brought it from New York, ma'am, and said she'd wait for an answer; but she althered her mind, and wint aff in a jiffey. 'Bethter not, p'raps,' she sez. 'See that ye give the letter into the lady's own hand. There's mebbe more depinds an it nor ye think;' and wid that she wint aff like a shot out ov a gun. She was a poor, distressed, disreputable lookin' feymale, ma'am, wid a bit colleen along wid her, an' she was weepin' bitterly. Sure me heart was distressed for her."

With pale face and trembling hands, Mrs. Van Broek took the letter from the salver, and, tearing it open, moved nearer the window to read it. The servant still stood in the centre of the room, as if awaiting an answer, though the messenger had departed.

"Leave the room, instantly, Brian," said Mrs. Lyman, scandalized at the man's forwardness. "How often am I to tell you to deliver a message, and then instantly

leave the room? You are neither required to give your opinions nor to repeat the conversations you may hold with persons at the door."

"I thought maybe, ma'am, the lady wud be after lavin' a message for the feymale av she called agin," said the in no respect abashed factotum, as he slowly withdrew.

"Oh, those Irish domestics!" exclaimed Mrs. Lyman, raising her clasped hands and looking upwards towards the ceiling, with an air of martyr-like resignation. "They're the plague of one's life. We can't hire Americans to perform menial service. We must have *them*, or niggers. In my poor dear husband's time, when of course my establishment was much more extensive than it is now, I was almost worn to a shadow——"

If the widow had been almost worn to a shadow during the life of her husband, she had certainly wonderfully recuperated since the worthy grocer's decease. However, she was arrested in the midst of her oburgations against the stupidity and obstinacy of Irish servants by a cry of alarm from Miss Malcolm.

"Look at Mrs. Van Broek," cried the young lady. "She is ill!"

Every eye was directed to the bow-window where Mrs. Van Broek stood. Her cheeks were blanched, her lips parted, and her teeth clenched. Her eyes were fixed with a vacant stare upon the opposite wainscot, and her form seemed perfectly rigid. The hand which still held the letter she had been reading, the perusal of which had evidently been the cause of this seizure, had fallen to her side, and the other hand tightly clutched the curtains of the window, as if she had caught at them to save herself from falling.

A simultaneous cry of terror arose from the ladies, all of whom, with the exception of Miss Malcolm, were for the moment paralysed with fright.

"It is catalepsy!" exclaimed one. "It is epilepsy!" exclaimed another. "Ring for the servants!" "Send for the doctor!" "Where is Dr. Benson?" cried others, as soon as they found breath to speak. Miss Malcolm, however, had sprung to the side of the poor lady and caught her round the waist, only just in time to save her from falling to the floor; for her form suddenly relaxed from its rigidity, the letter fell from her hand, and, with a faint cry, she gazed around her for a moment with a frightened look, and then her eyes closed, and she fainted in Miss Malcolm's arms, her head resting on the young lady's shoulder. Miss Malcolm, assisted by Miss Dunlop, bore her to the ottoman, from which she had risen to read the letter, and the other ladies crowded round, each suggesting some remedy. Mrs. Whittaker busied herself in loosening the fainting lady's dress, while the others suggested burnt feathers, brandy, eau-de-cologne, and other remedies. One pinched her ears, another slapped her hands, and another applied strong smelling-salts to her nostrils.

"Send for the doctor. What a pity Doctor Benson's not at home!" said the wife of that gentleman; "but it's ever the case," she went on. "Men are always in the way when they are not needed, and out of the way when they are wanted." Mrs. Lyman moved to ring the bell, but she was prevented by Mrs. Whittaker.

"There is no need, ma'am, to make a fuss, and alarm the house," said the old lady. "If the ladies would not crowd so much about her, poor young thing! but would give her air, and leave her to Miss Malcolm, who seems to manage her very nicely, she'll soon be better. It's a mere fainting fit, from which she'll soon revive."

In fact, Mrs. Van Broek already showed symptoms of



returning consciousness. A tremor passed over her frame. She moved her hands and arms, and gave utterance to a faint moan, more of weariness, however, than of pain. Mrs. Lyman, at the suggestion of Mrs. Whittaker, left the room to procure brandy and other restoratives, in case they should be needed.

"It will be better," said the thoughtful old lady, "than to call the servants. Servants *will* talk, and perhaps Mrs. Van Broek would not care to have her illness talked about, and all sorts of reasons assigned for it, by the people in the kitchen."

This was well meant on the part of the old lady, but her words had the effect to stimulate the curiosity of Mrs. Benson, who was perhaps capable of more mischief than the poor ignorant servants all put together.

"It is most singular what could cause this seizure," she said, watching the now manifest symptoms of returning consciousness exhibited by the sufferer, who moved her head about uneasily as it lay in Miss Malcolm's lap, and sighed frequently and heavily. "It must have been caused by that letter—a strange-looking epistle it was for a lady to receive—that Brian brought in; and I shouldn't wonder if that restless, half-frightened look, that sometimes appears on her face, has some connection with the matter, whatever it is."

The letter, which had fallen, unnoticed, from Mrs. Van Broek's hand when she fainted away, had dropped near the ottoman, and had remained unnoticed and concealed beneath the skirts of her dress as she lay. At this moment Mrs. Lyman returned with brandy and other stimulants. The fainting lady had opened her eyes once or twice, though without appearing to recognise any one, and had panted as if she found it difficult to draw her breath.

It was suggested that a little brandy-and-water might revive her, and assist to restore animation; and the landlady mixed a small quantity in a tumbler, and placed a teaspoonful of the liquid between her lips. A slight disarrangement of the folds of Mrs. Van Broek's dress, as Miss Malcolm raised the poor sufferer's head that she might swallow the brandy-and-water more easily, revealed the dropped letter. The keen eyes of Mrs. Benson discovered it at once, and she secretly resolved to possess herself of it. Drawing gradually nearer to the ottoman, she contrived to conceal the coveted epistle beneath the skirts of her own dress, and then, under the pretence of taking one of Mrs. Van Broek's hands in her own, she stooped down to secure her prize. Mrs. Benson's movements had, however, aroused the suspicions of Miss Malcolm, who guessed at that lady's object, though she herself had not perceived the letter. She watched her closely, and, observing her other hand moving towards the floor, she stooped forward, and picked up the letter herself just as Mrs. Benson had seized it. In fact, she snatched it out of that lady's hand, at the same time casting upon her a look of scorn and contempt.

"That letter belongs to Mrs. Van Broek, Mrs. Benson," she said, quietly; and, re-folding the letter carefully, unperceived by the other ladies, she placed it securely in Mrs. Van Broek's pocket.

Mrs. Benson gave the young lady a spiteful glance, but dared not to make reply.

In a few minutes Mrs. Van Broek recovered consciousness. She raised herself from her recumbent posture, opened her eyes, and looked anxiously around her, pushing back her hair, which had become loosened, from her forehead.

"Where am I? What has been the matter?" she murmured. "Have I been ill, or am I dreaming?"

She passed her hand over her forehead, and continued, in a low voice, audible only to Miss Malcolm, who still supported her head, "No, no, it was no dream: that letter!" She started, and, raising herself, glanced over the floor, and from one to another of the surrounding ladies, with a look of alarm.

"Be calm, my dear Mrs. Van Broek," whispered Miss Malcolm; "the letter you seek is safe in the pocket of your dress. I picked it up from the carpet. No one has seen it; believe me, no one but yourself has seen a word of its contents."

Mrs. Van Broek gratefully pressed the young lady's hand. "Thank you," she murmured; "you are very kind. I may trust you, I am sure. I could trust your voice and look."

She sank back for awhile, and in a few minutes made a strong effort to recover herself and control her agitation. She sat up, and assured her companions she was almost well again, though her struggles to assume a composure she did not feel were painfully apparent.

"My nerves are very weak," she said, in apology. "I am afraid I have given you much trouble; but of late a trifle upsets me. The letter I received came so unexpectedly, and contains news which has distressed me—the illness—of—of—" she added, but then paused, and her pale cheeks flushed as she spoke, for she felt that she would be practising deceit. "I think I will go to my room and lie down a while, and then I hope I shall be able to meet you at the dinner-table quite restored. Mr. Van Broek will, I expect, be here by dinner-time. May I beg of you to say nothing to my husband of my foolish illness? It would alarm him to no purpose. I will tell him—I will show him the letter myself."

She moved towards the door, but her limbs trembled beneath her slight weight, and Miss Malcolm offered to assist her to her room.

Mrs. Van Broek thankfully accepted the offer, and the two left the room together.

Miss Malcolm did not rejoin the ladies in the parlour, but remained upstairs with Mrs. Van Broek, with whom she descended to dinner. Mr. Van Broek, who had been looked for an hour earlier, had not yet arrived, and his young wife, who had anxiously expected him, and from whose face almost every trace of her illness had departed, seemed greatly disappointed, and even alarmed. The gentlemen, however, reassured her. One gentleman said that he had heard that an alteration had been made that day in the railroad time-tables for the winter months, and probably, he added, Mr. Van Broek might not have been able to leave Albany at the time he had intended; and others said that there would be three or four trains due before ten o'clock that night, and Mr. Van Broek might, if unexpectedly detained by business, avail himself of one of these later trains. So Mrs. Van Broek, though her appetite seemed to have failed her, appeared almost as cheerful as usual, and seemed to have forgotten the cause of her trouble in the earlier part of the day. She retired to the drawing-room, with the rest of the ladies, and remained for an hour or two, expecting her husband to arrive every moment. But when eight o'clock came round, and he had not made his appearance, her anxiety and uneasiness became manifest; and when at length the clock struck nine, and the guns were fired from Governor's and Bedloe's islands, and still there was no sign of his coming, she could remain in the drawing-room no longer, and, pleading fatigue, and with difficulty restraining her tears, she requested her maid to be summoned, and sought the privacy of her own apartments.



## DUPIN, THE FRENCH ADVOCATE.

AMONG the recent deaths of eminent men we must class that of M. Dupin, the former leader of the French bar, Attorney-general of the Supreme Court of Appeal, who died in the month of October last, aged eighty-two, after a life of hard toil, great mental activity, and consistently honourable conduct. We borrow from "The Times" leader on the event a summary of his political career and character, to serve as an introduction to the notice of a remarkable contribution which the great counsellor furnished to theological literature, when in the prime of his life and full maturity of his powers.

The writer in "The Times" says:—"Throughout his long life he was prominent among his countrymen, and through the latter half of it he was a great power in the State. The monarchy of July may almost be called his own creation; while it existed he was the chosen friend and counsellor of the king, and even when it fell he maintained his position as one of the foremost men in France. His political sagacity, his rare energy, and his moral courage were never, indeed, more apparent than when he presided over the Legislative Assembly in the stormy days of the Second Republic, and no greater tribute to his ability can be imagined than the fact that he was appointed to this function though he was known to be unfriendly to the new order. His support was courted by those who were wholly opposed to his principles, and he even kept office as Procureur-Général under the present Emperor until the confiscation of the property of the Orleans family drove him into opposition. Five years later, however, he returned to the post which he had filled for twenty years, and which he thenceforth retained to his death; and it was but a few months since that he showed his old vivacity and public virtue in a well-timed invective against the luxury and extravagance of modern France.

"A man who preserves his position in the state, in spite of changes of dynasty, is always open to the suspicion of being a time-server; and it has been made an accusation against M. Dupin that he was a mere worshipper of success. Nothing could show a greater want of appreciation of his character. It is sixty years since he became obnoxious to the First Consul for a publication reflecting on the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and from that time to the hour of his death he was the consistent advocate of constitutional liberty against arbitrary power on the one hand and a lawless democracy on the other. He had a hereditary repugnance to extremes. His father was a member of the Legislative Assembly, but was imprisoned in the Reign of Terror. It may well be supposed that a reverence for order was early instilled in the minds of the young Dupin and two brothers, scarcely less distinguished in after-life than himself; and his legal education confirmed the lessons of paternal experience. When the Restoration came Dupin was already so far recognised as an advocate that he was selected, with the elder Berryer and his son (still among us), to defend Ney. This was the first of a long list of *causes célèbres* in which he was engaged. In the numerous political prosecutions undertaken by the ministers of the misguided Bourbons, Dupin was always retained for the defence. He was the advocate of our own Sir Robert Wilson and his associates when they were tried for aiding in the escape of Lavalette; he defended Béranger, Savary, De Pradt, the 'Constitutionnel,' and the 'Journal des Débats.' In 1829 he was elected Grand Bâtonnier of the Paris bar, thus becoming its head. But a more important event in his life happened as early as 1817. The Duc d'Orléans

made him his confidential adviser, and in return M. Dupin, in 1830, made the Duc d'Orléans king. In the Three Days he was everywhere. He was among the first to denounce the *Ordonnances* as illegal; it was he who brought Louis Philippe from Neuilly to Paris, and he wrote the state papers which proclaimed the abolition of the old monarchy and the accession of the king of the French. In truth, if any one may be taken as the representative of the monarchy of July, M. Dupin was that man. The faults and the virtues of the new order were his faults and his virtues. He was a thorough *bourgeois*, and he had at heart the interests of the great middle class from which he sprang. Thrifty and sagacious, he loved peace and abhorred propagandism, whether political or religious. He stoutly defended the liberties of the Gallican Church against Ultramontane influences; and he refused to compromise the safety of the monarchy by countenancing revolutionary movements abroad. . . . When the revolution of February came, he showed the fidelity to the Orleans family, which was one of the best sides to his character, by introducing the young Comte de Paris to the Chamber, and protesting against any action in violation of his right of succession. His protest was vain, and he remained in France to guard the interests of the exiled family. . . .

"M. Dupin was elected to the Constituent Assembly, and, though no one was more detested by the Republican party, he was at once made President of its Legislative Section. He was untiring in his opposition to the Socialist schemes favoured by the Government and in exposing the fallacies on which they were based, yet, when the Legislative Assembly was called together, he was elected president of that also. We are assured that the way in which he ruled over this Legislative Assembly can only be appreciated by those who witnessed it. . . M. Dupin was still President of the Assembly when the ex-king died, leaving him one of his executors; and in 1851 he paid a visit to England, as an act of respect to his former sovereign and friend. His first act on visiting Weybridge was to attend the chapel there, and he has himself mentioned that when he was afterwards admitted to the presence of the ex-queen, she said, 'I knew you were come; I heard your little cough, though I could not see you.' It was this devotion to the House of Orleans which made him throw up his offices in 1852, when the decree was published confiscating the French property of the family. For the next five years he devoted himself to the literary amusements which had always been his recreation, but which were considerable enough to warrant his being made a member of the Academy on the death of Cuvier twenty years before. He was also a member of the Academy of Moral Sciences, and, ready and even audacious in dispute, keen and subtle in discrimination, thoroughly logical in argument, and supported by rare common sense, he was, whether in or out of office, a frequent debater in its *séances* down to the time when the fatal illness seized him of which he has just died."

About forty years ago Salvador, a learned Jew, published an erudite work on the legal institutions of the Hebrews, and on their method of procedure in criminal cases. The book contained a chapter on the trial and condemnation of our Lord. The writer treated him as an ordinary criminal, and undertook to prove that the council had justly condemned him, under the law against blasphemy and the text of Deuteronomy, chapter xiii. verse 5, and chapter xviii. verse 20, and that he was lawfully and rightfully put to death, after a fair and legal trial. Dupin published, in the year 1828, a calm, searching, legal examination of the great trial, in which,

after investigating all the facts, and considering all the laws applicable to the case, he comes to an entirely opposite conclusion to that of the Jewish lawyer. Both the disputants agreed in accepting the gospels as containing accurate and sufficient particulars, and Dupin consents, for the purpose of his argument, to treat the case as if Jesus of Nazareth were an ordinary Jewish citizen. The advocate then derives from the gospels and from Jewish authorities of unquestionable character conclusions which may be summarized as follows:—

1. That our Lord's apprehension was illegal.
2. That his being conducted to Annas was illegal.
3. Examination at night, illegal.
4. Ill-treatment in the hall of Caiaphas, illegal.
5. Proceeding on a fast-day, illegal.
6. Caiaphas, who had been accuser, to be judge, illegal.
7. Testimony of witnesses perverted, illegal.
8. His own admission insufficient, its reception illegal.
9. Outrages and blows, illegal.
10. Condemnation by Jews for an alleged capital offence, respecting which, if capital, they had no jurisdiction, illegal.

Pilate then relegates the case back to the Jews, that they might deal with it as a non-capital case; but they suddenly and illegally changed the charge.

11. Accusation of political crime, of treason, wholly different from that on which he was apprehended, illegal.
12. The charge itself calumnious and false. Christ never claimed dominion as asserted. His declaration that his kingdom was not of this world disposed of the whole. Pilate acquitted him. Further proceeding illegal both in form and substance.
13. Reference to Herod, illegal. He had been tried before competent tribunal and accusation had failed.
14. Acquitted also by Herod. Detention illegal.
15. Pilate yielding to murderous clamour for fear of Jews, against his own conscience and his wife's entreaties, grossly illegal and criminal.
16. His last appeal to deliver Barabbas to them admits the illegality of his conduct towards Jesus.
17. All the subsequent indignities, and execution on Calvary, violation of the law and constitution.

Dupin on all these points sustains his argument, and shows that the accusation of Christ, promoted by the hatred of the priests and Pharisees, made at first as a charge of sacrilege, then turned into a political offence, was characterized in all its stages by illegality, fraud, and violence. The proof that Christ was not condemned for sacrilege or blasphemy is the fact that, in accordance with Roman law, his crime was written on the tablet fixed to the cross; and the charge thus inscribed was the imaginary political offence, which none of those concerned believed in for a moment! He says, in conclusion: "I would say to pagans themselves, You, who boast of the death of Socrates, will you not admire that of Jesus! Censors of the Areopagus, how can you undertake to excuse the Sanhedrim and justify the Prætor? Philosophy herself has not hesitated to pronounce, and we should unite in the cry, 'Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God.'"

Two years ago, when the speculations of Renan were shocking devout persons throughout Christendom, the aged advocate republished the treatise analysed above, with a collection of passages of Scripture on the fundamental characteristics of Christianity, for personal use; to this were added a collection of texts on charity, and some forms of prayer.

The worthy lawyer, however, was not above the puerilities of the Romanist creed to which he belonged, and which enslaves so many minds of all kinds. He built a chapel in fulfilment of a wish of his deceased wife near his country-seat in Corbigny, which was dedicated to the Virgin by the bishop of Nevers, in a discourse sadly contrasting, by its adulation of the patroness, with the manly and pure effort of the founder to exalt the Saviour. We may, however, safely commend our studious readers to the ingenious, candid tract of the great lawyer in affirmance of the utterance of St. Peter, "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain" (Acts ii. 23); and of the dying malefactor, "And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss" (Luke xxiii. 41).

There was an English translation published of the tract of 1828, entitled "Jesus before Caiaphas and Pilate, or the Trial of Jesus Christ," but we have not succeeded in meeting with it.

S. R. P.

### WORKING MEN'S HOUSES.

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THOUGH much has been already said and written on this subject, I doubt whether we have yet appreciated the extent of the mischief done by over-crowding and inconvenience, or fixed upon any remedy at all proportioned to the disease. What is the present state of things? I do not refer to the under-letting of rooms, by which a family is lodged in a corner, or to the use of cellars as dwelling-places, but to the provision made for respectable working people in many large town districts. The authorities, parochial and otherwise, have the power, and in many cases the will, to prevent the excesses of greedy lodging-house keepers. It is the ordinary accommodation to which I refer, the normal state of things, which no mere supervision can affect. A large portion of London—for of that I speak, while much that I say will apply to other places—is now used after a fashion wholly different from that contemplated by those who built it. Houses constructed for one family are inhabited by half a dozen. We may see street after street deserted by the class for which its tenements were adapted, and taken possession of, not by the degraded and vicious, but by intelligent, industrious artisans, who are able and willing to pay a rent which enables the holders of such house property to make more money out of them than they did before. These houses, valuable to their owners, decent in their exterior, tenanted by a class which aspires to much social and political progress, are, however, grievously deficient in the essentials of home. It is generally impossible for a working man who lives in them to secure that privacy and independence which a family needs. The arrangements of the house, in which he takes, let us say, a first or second floor, are such that he is compelled to share with those who live under the same roof with himself many things which are especially characteristic of privacy. He cannot keep the proverb which advises us to "wash dirty linen at home." His wife and children are of necessity brought into constant intercourse with others who use the same area, washhouse, and dust-bin. And the worst of it is, he has no choice in the selection of these domestic associates. He may be careful to take rooms in a "respectable" house, but the landlord does not consult him about new-comers. As long as

they are outwardly decent, and pay their rent, the landlord is satisfied, and the other lodgers must let the fresh arrivals into what is really the circle of their homes. It is impossible for a working man so situated to keep himself and his belongings to himself. It is true that this state of things is so common that we hear few complaints about it; but indifference to a social evil is one of the worst signs of its existence. That this almost universal community of strangers must spoil the charm of "home," if it does not altogether break through the circle of home influences, may be understood by any reader who occupies a separate tenement. Suppose the street in which you live belonged so completely to one man that he was at liberty to give any or all of your neighbours a duplicate of your latch-key. Suppose that, though you locked your chamber door, you were always liable to hear fresh voices in your back kitchen, and that your wife could not order dinner except in the presence of the strange lady from over the way. Suppose that the children of all your nearest neighbours, whose very names you were not expected to know, had a common playground with your own. But some such analogous inconveniences must be submitted to by every working man's family which is lodged in a house where several of the most domestic arrangements are shared by all, and where, therefore, intercourse with strangers is compulsory. Why, the house is often less private than the street to the family of the artisan. There his wife and children need not converse with strangers; at home they must. It is the common use of much that characterizes home life which is one chief drawback to working men's houses in London.

There are obviously other evils resulting from this enforced intercourse of families. A contagious disorder becomes incalculably more dangerous. Then, again, the predisposing causes of sickness, such as bad drainage, etc., are likely to become more obnoxious if their neglect can be traced to the habits of no one family in particular. It may be supposed that a chorus of complaint sometimes compels a landlord to bestir himself; but fatal mischief is often done by the uncleanness of one family, which neutralizes the good order of the rest. The slovenly make all the house suffer for their slovenliness. It is of small use a parent urging decency upon his children when there is an element of indecency in the house from which his children cannot escape. He may know or suspect one of his co-lodgers to be the offender, but he is on such terms of half-intimacy with him, and the comfort of the whole house depends so much upon the readiness of its component families to give and take, that a distinct complaint to the landlord is invidious, and thus the mischief goes on. One poisons the good-natured many. If, under different domestic arrangements, which secured the privilege of complete privacy to each family, and enabled the blame of any sanitary offences to be laid at once and obviously at a particular door, the tenant of a complete set of rooms were a nuisance, he could be corrected without any unneighbourly action on the part of the rest. He would be no more to others than a next-door resident, whose dunghill we may appeal against to the sanitary officer without our name appearing in the business. As working men are now lodged they have no such redress. If a lodger complains to the landlord, he runs the risk of being told that he may suit himself elsewhere. If he lays the case before the sanitary officers, the landlord replies that he does what he can, but that his lodgers will not carry out his advice, or do justice to his arrangements. Thus those who wish to be clean are dragged into the dirt by the unclean, and the compli-

cated relationships of the residents in the same house hinder the correction of the offender.

I have now pointed out three serious evils which result from the ordinary circumstances of the working classes in large districts of London and elsewhere. Compelled to share with other lodgers, to whom they are generally in the first instance strangers, several domestic conveniences which necessitate a radical intimacy of intercourse, the artisan is unable either to guard his family from undesirable acquaintances, or to protect himself on the entrance of contagious disorder under his roof, or to secure such sanitary precautions in health as any occupant of a separate tenement has a right to exercise. I say a right to exercise, because the mere living of several families under one roof is in itself by no means necessarily thus productive of mischief. There are highly-rented houses in London, inhabited by distinct households, which are no more compelled to become acquainted with one another, or use anything in common, than the man who has a house to himself. The worst feature of this arrangement in the accommodation of the working man is that it seems to be accepted as an established one. When houses, originally constructed for one family, have passed, by whole streets, into the occupation of artisans, they are kept up and replaced upon the same plan.

It is to this that the real philanthropist and man of business should turn his attention. The over-crowding of houses and the like must be left to the proper authorities to look after. Machinery is provided for the correcting of the abuses of the present system. What we want—and there is no hope of radical improvement unless we look this great fact in the face—is not the correction of abuses, but a radical change of the domestic arrangements now in use. No pruning of the branches will cure a rotten tree. But, as long as families are denied those privileges without which there can be no wholesome, social, sanitary, or domestic life, there must be something rotten in the condition of the working classes.

The erection of a model lodging-house here and there at great expense, and with a display of patronage, may be of use in the testing of various plans of internal domestic arrangement, but is not likely to provide a general cure for the mischief which exists. These structures are often admirable, but they do not pay. Some of them are charitable, not commercial affairs; and, just in so far as they are distinctly charitable, but yet provide suitable lodgings for respectable artisans, so far do they tend to weaken the wholesome sense of independence in those who inhabit them.

We want the principle of privacy to be chiefly attended to in the construction of dwellings which are intended to receive more than one family. All architectural excellencies, all special arrangements for supervision, all niceties of ventilation, etc., etc., are nothing in comparison with providing such conveniences as enable each set of dwelling-rooms to be a "home." Give every family this advantage, and then you may do something towards the inculcation of sanitary principles.

I believe, moreover, from a long personal acquaintance with the circumstances and wishes of respectable artisans, that any builder, or holder of house property, would find such an arrangement of working men's houses pay. Of course this is the chief question; and, now that there is so much demolition of streets used by this class, though not originally built, or at any subsequent period adapted to their real wants, it seems to be the time to avoid a repetition of the mistakes which have been made. So far from assuming that the wholesale pulling down of



poor people's houses is a serious injury to them, I think it more likely than anything else to break through the present vicious domestic evils to which they have been exposed. People are taking hold of the notion that extensive radical changes must be made. The process, no doubt, entails much present inconvenience on many; but this would be but a small thing if it introduced a fresh style of provision for their wants. Once let us have a few streets of houses built as I have suggested, but upon commercial, not philanthropical principles, and a new wholesome action will be set up in the state of the working classes. It will be found to pay. Not only are separate sets of rooms, however small, eagerly taken, and punctually paid for, but every fresh set so taken raises in some measure the character of the population in which it is placed. The demand for such accommodation will grow and increase the supply. Now it is so limited that even the better sort of lodgers acquiesce almost hopelessly in the present state of things. Once begin another system, and landlords would be compelled, by a regard for their own interests, to consult the better taste of their tenants.

This change in the internal plan of working men's houses, suggested for the consideration of those who contemplate the replacement of many demolished streets, is made all the more imperative by the proposal to lodge large numbers of the working class out of town, and bring them in to their work by cheap trains. Those who remain will become less easy to please. And, let it be remembered, that of those who must still reside in the thick of the town, very many are necessarily of the better sort, high-class artisans, the pressure and niceties of whose trade render their accessibility by the master specially important. These men receive high wages. At present they are often crowded up with those who could easily dwell at a distance if they had the facilities for doing so. Once free them from this surrounding pressure of population, and they will directly give the preference to such dwellings as enable them to feel at home. As it is, these are the men who now chiefly occupy model lodging-houses; while the lower the house, the worse its accommodation, the more migratory is the class which inhabits it—i.e., the less would they find it an inconvenience to lodge in the suburbs and come in daily to their work.

Altogether, the concurrent public adoption of a fresh style of domestic arrangements in two or three new streets, and the starting of a few workmen's trains for those whose presence is needed only so many hours in the day, would, I believe, set up an action likely to grow, and provide a remedy for the evils which now mark the dwellings of the working classes in London.

I may add that the provision of decent and commodious sets of rooms might well attract the attention of co-operative societies among the working classes themselves. The members of such societies might occupy such dwellings and reap immediate domestic benefit. This would in itself repay them, let alone any contingent social or political privileges which may be attached to separate tenures under the same roof. They would get a return for their money and convenient lodgings into the bargain.

#### P. F. POOLE, R.A.

ONE day in the autumn of the year 1833, while passing the shop of a carver and gilder in the city of Bath, we were forcibly struck by two small pictures lying in the window. They were figure-landscapes, some eighteen

inches in length, and were hardly dry from the painter's easel; they were characterized by careful drawing—not too rigidly correct—and by remarkable force and brilliancy of colouring. In both of them the subjects were children either drinking at a spring or gathering cresses at a brook. The shopkeeper apprised us that these were the work of a young man, a native of Bristol, of the name of Poole; and we certainly were not disposed to disagree with him when he augured for the young artist, who was then in his twenty-third year, a solid reputation in the future. To us it seemed that the young painter had already overcome some serious difficulties of his art—difficulties of a kind which even men of mark sometimes fail to vanquish during their whole career; for he was evidently master of a strong palette, and could deal, with more than ordinary success, with the highest lights and deepest shadows.

Four years passed away, and, though the two small pictures in the shop at Bath often recurred to our memory, especially when kindred subjects presented themselves, we saw or heard no more of Mr. Poole; but, on paying our customary visit to the Royal Academy in the summer of 1837, the peculiar colouring of a cabinet picture entitled "The Farewell" seemed to revive some half-forgotten interest, and, on referring to the catalogue, and recognising the painter's name, we began to think—looking to the improved tone and harmony of colour in the picture before us—that the prophecy of the shopkeeper was becoming true, and that the young artist was winning his reputation. Mr. Poole was not a frequent exhibitor: he rarely sent more than one picture a year to the London galleries, and not always one. In 1838 appeared "The Emigrant's Departure;" in 1840, "Herman and Dorothea at the Fountain;" and in 1842, "Margaret at her Spinning-wheel," from "Faust." All the above pictures were of the quiet domestic class, appealing, for the most part, to the home sympathies of the spectator; and from them we might have fairly estimated the individuality of the painter, concluding that he would only aim at excellence in such subjects, the limits of which are certainly wide enough for any man's ambition. But in 1843 Mr. Poole startled the artistic and art-loving world of London by the exhibition of his famous picture, "Solomon's Eagle exhorting the People to Repentance." Such a picture, from a painter of such gentle antecedents, was even a greater surprise than it was a novelty; and it was so admirably conceived and executed as to elevate its author at once to high repute. The subject is taken from Defoe's fictitious "History of the Plague." In the foreground the solemn fanatic is marching slowly towards the spectator, bearing a fire of live coals on his head, and the background is filled in with all the terrible elements which marked the horror of the time; the condemned houses are fastened up, the fatal red cross being painted on the doors; the livid, unshrouded dead are hastily lugged forth and thrown into the corpse-cart; while shivering, timorous wretches are hurriedly avoiding each other, or pausing under the irresistible fascination of the weird preacher to listen to his awful sermon.

From the time of the appearance of this picture, which aroused the speculations of critics and connoisseurs on all sides, the name of Paul Falconer Poole assumed a new significance, and nothing that henceforth came from his hand was likely to pass without due comment. His pictures have not been many, but they have been one and all of a character to justify and more than justify the renown accorded him. Perhaps the most popular are, and always will be, his scenes from rural and

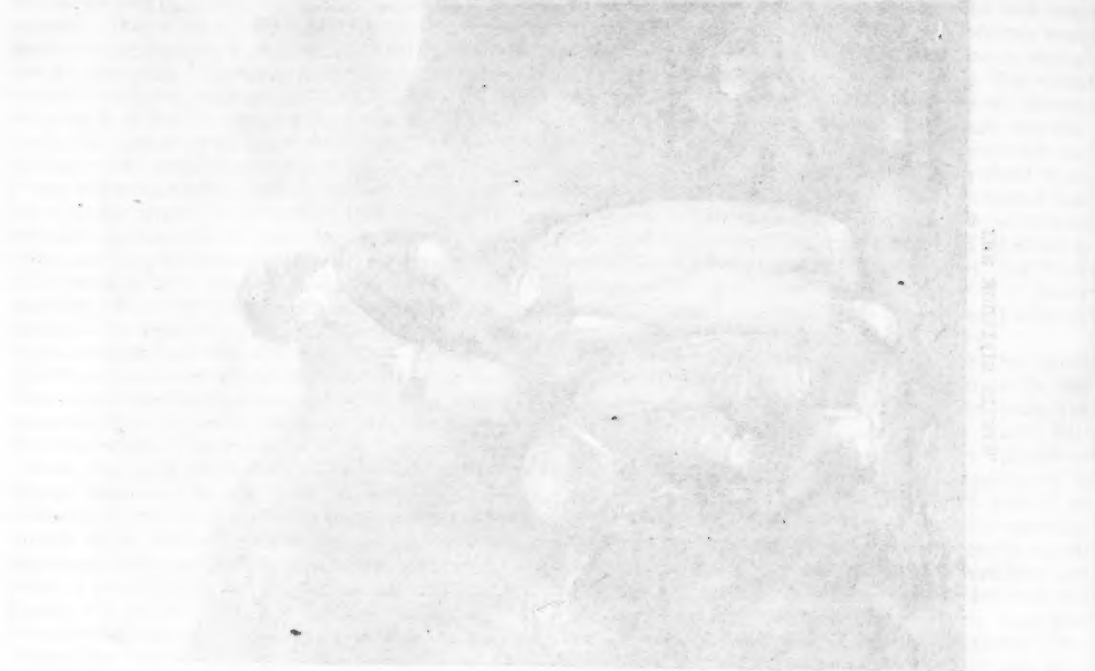


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humble life, of which our engraving gives a couple of specimens, though we are bound to say they do but scant justice to the originals, whose wondrous charm of colour we cannot reproduce. One of them, "The Mountaineers," was admirably engraved in line by Mr. Garner, and published in the "Art Journal" in 1847. In Mr. Garner's engraving the contrast between the two faces—the pensive young mother and the gleesome laughing child—is given to perfection, as is also the barren mountain track which forms the background. In the same volume of the Journal is another of Mr. Poole's pictures, "The Fisherman's Wife." Again the only figures are a mother and child: the mother sits on a rock by the sea, her eyes strained towards the distant horizon, where she sees her husband's boat bound for the shore; but on the left

"The night-wrack is rolling up rugged and brown,"

the foam-created billows are scattering the scud, and it is too evident that a gale is coming on. The rising fears of the poor wife fill her with dread, and her gaze is riveted on the far-distant boat; meanwhile the child at her knee has no fears, but awaits with glad anticipation, shown by the happy and sweet expression of face, her father's return.

Mr. Poole has painted many fine pictures kindred in subject to the above, but which have never been publicly exhibited, and are hardly likely to be, having passed into the possession of private collectors. They are all marked by profound feeling, simplicity of design, and unrivalled force and beauty of colour. In 1844 he sent to the Royal Academy "The Beleaguered Moors," and in 1846 "The Visitation of Sion Monastery." In the same year he was elected Associate of the Academy, and he was chosen a Royal Academician in 1861. In 1847, when Westminster Hall was opened with a collection of cartoons and paintings by nearly all the painters of any note in Britain, sent in for competition with a view to guide the selections of artists who should adorn the new Houses of Parliament, Mr. Poole exhibited a large picture of "Edward the Third's Generosity to the People of Calais." This picture was remarkable for the skilful simplicity of the grouping, and told its story at once and unmistakably, with powerful effect. It gained for the artist a prize in the second class of £300.

In 1850 was exhibited on the walls of the Academy Mr. Poole's picture of "Job and his Friends receiving the Tidings of his Calamities." The colouring of this most impressive production was of a strange unearthly cast, and such as was not unlikely to repel the inexperienced and casual observer; but it was a consummate masterpiece of skill and learning in that difficult department of the painter's art. The atmosphere, at once lurid and thick and threatening of doom, resembled a sulphurous haze, out of which the half-distinguished forms of the messengers of woe hurried towards the foreground, where sat the bewildered victim of sudden ruin in company with his unsympathizing friends. It was objected that the scene as thus represented varied from the Scripture story; but the objection weighs little with artists, painters from time immemorial having been allowed the privilege of combining two or more events not actually synchronous in the same pictorial representation. Raphael did it in his grand picture of the Transfiguration; Michael Angelo did the same thing frequently; and a thousand instances might be cited, if it were worth while, where their example was followed by painters of less note.

Among the subsequent works of Mr. Poole are "The Goths in Italy;" "The Song of the Troubadour;" "Philomela's Song by the Beautiful Lake" (from the

"Decameron"); "The Escape of the Blind Girl" (from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii"); "The Pool of Bethesda;" some groups of figures from modern Greek subjects; and two pictures in the Exhibition of 1865—"The Last Farewell," a pair of Highland lovers by moonlight on the shore, with the emigrant ship in the distance; and "A Suburb of the Roman City of Pompeii during the Eruption [of 79 A.D.], when the City was buried under Showers of Ashes from Vesuvius." This last performance has been mentioned by Mr. Palgrave, in a critical review, as "the most complete and thoughtful picture which the artist has produced for some years." It is deserving of high praise "for the impressive and well-managed arrangement of the scene, which, dealing with a subject so theatrical, has yet avoided theatricality, and preserved an elevated and poetical tone of treatment." The selection of incidents, in which the robbery of jewels from a dying man by an old hag, who is herself destined to add one more to the suffocated, deepens the horror of the catastrophe. At the same time, the material terrors of the scene are rather indicated than portrayed in prominence, and thus the human interest is not interfered with.

Born in 1810, Mr. Poole is now fifty-five, and in the ripened maturity of his powers. We trust, for the sake of English art, that there is good store of work to be had out of him yet.

#### A CHRONICLE OF CHEAPSIDE.

NOT so picturesque as the Canongate, that ascending avenue from palace to fortress, along which generations of Scottish royalty rode with pomp in their troublous times, Cheapside has remembrances of equal, if not surpassing interest attached to its mercantile name. It was the highway from the Tower to Westminster Abbey and Palace—"the great street of ancient London, which contained the handsomest shops, was inhabited by the richest burghers, and witnessed more of the pomp of the Londoners, their fêtes, their processions, their public ceremonies, their executions, and all the paraphernalia of their municipal dignity, than others in the city. Here is the church of Bow, to be born within the sound of whose bells makes a man a Londoner: and the Guildhall; here was formerly the great conduit of the city, and the cross erected by King Edward to the memory of his Queen Eleanor. Many was the stirring scene enacted in it."

West Cheap, or "the Chepe," was its olden name. A more unromantic thoroughfare does not exist on earth than Cheapside at present, nor one more devoted to the practical genius of buying and selling. Pageantry is unthought of, except, perhaps, as its materials might be matter of purchase; but some of the most gorgeous pageants of the Middle Ages were enacted here—those ages which had the misfortune to be picturesque for posterity.

It has been observed that, "in three great political struggles, the suffrages of the citizens of London turned the balance." They took Stephen's part against the Empress Maud, and with their good-will he conquered. Likewise they were opposed to Margaret of Anjou, and the Yorkists gained the day; and Charles I found them the strongest partisans of his Long Parliament. This was playing for a time the part which Paris has always acted in ruling France. To the list may be added the civil contests about Edward II. The Londoners chose to espouse the cause of the barons against that weak monarch and his favourites; and when Walter Stapleton,

Bishop of Exeter and Lord Treasurer of England, tried to get possession of the city keys for his king, they rose *en masse*, and destroyed his newly-built house in the suburb of the Strand. The prelate fled for sanctuary to St. Paul's, but was overtaken at the north door, and dragged through the mire of the street into Cheapside. A mock trial was extemporized by the mob, a mechanic reading a make-believe proclamation that he was a traitor, and appealed to them for sentence. "Off with his head!" was the shout—obeyed in less than five minutes by another artisan as executioner—and the head was carried about on a spear. This also strongly resembles the doings of revolutionary Paris.

During this and earlier periods the houses of Cheapside were chiefly wooden. Even Bow Church was wooden. It may be imagined what havoc was committed by fire and storm. In William Rufus's reign a tempest so terrible visited London that the roof of Bow Church was carried away completely; and the rafters, in length seventy-six feet, were buried with such force into the swampy, unpaved street, that twenty-two feet was their depth in the ground! The stumps were cut away to the level of the path, and may have supplied an idea of pavement by rammers. A century afterwards, William Fitzosbert, or Longbeard, as he was more usually called, last of the Saxon patriots, had this church burnt over his head when he took sanctuary therein, and he gave himself up, only to be executed in Smithfield.

And who does not know the part which Bow Bells enacted in that fascinating legend, as prophesying his dignity to the penniless apprentice who rested on the milestone at Highgate?

"Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London."

Scarce would their sound over our heads be heard now, amid the roar of Cheapside.

About 1328 the city was in such a lawless state that, even in broad daylight, there were frequently fights between bands of armed robbers and their victims. The citizens were compelled to organize themselves into guards for their goods, and such of the banditti as were captured were executed publicly in the Chepe, without any formality of trial. Next year the young King Edward III ordered a great tournament in Cheapside, that he might display before the French ambassador the gallantry and wealth of his capital. Fancy a tournament in Cheapside *now*!

A casualty happened. In the midst of the sports, the scaffolding whence the queen and her court witnessed them gave way, and all were precipitated to the ground, which luckily was nigh at hand, and also was considerably softer than modern pavement. No damage was done beyond a few bruises, and the spoiling of certain rich dresses; but the king was very wroth, and commanded the carpenter to be forthwith hanged! Down fell the queen on her knees before her lord, and implored him to revoke his cruel will; nor would she rise till the request was granted. Whereupon the vast crowds set up a shout of delight; and ever after her majesty was a first favourite with the Londoners. Thus did Philippa of Hainault inaugurate her reign with a provision of the tender-heartedness which became so celebrated in the case of the burghers of Calais.

For a long time the memory of this accident was perpetuated by the stone platform erected in lieu of the wooden, and standing permanently at the upper end of the present Queen Street, and looking northwards down King Street to Guildhall. Which proves likewise how permanent an institution was the city pageantry in this

its most splendid street, although, indeed, royalty was more often actor in the moving show than spectator, as the dynasties went on. What a grim pageant was that which the courtly annalist Froissart sketches in the following words!

"Richard of Bourdeaux," the hapless Richard II, "when dead, was placed on a litter covered with black cloth, and a canopy of the same. Four black horses were harnessed to it, and four varlets in mourning conducted the litter, followed by four knights, dressed also in mourning. They thus paraded the streets, at a foot's pace, till they came to the Chepe, which is the greatest thoroughfare in the city; and there they halted for upwards of two hours. More than twenty thousand persons came to see King Richard, who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion, and his face uncovered." Another chronicler declares that the body "was not only embalmed and cased, but soldered entirely in lead, all but the face;" because there might be some loyal lieges among the thousands of gazers who might make curious inquiry as to the manner of death of the once-loved monarch, and on the back of that royal head was gashed Sir Piers Exton's murderous blow with his pole-axe, struck by stealth while the king was defending himself gallantly in front against four other assailants. Upon a post or pillar in the round room of Pontefract Castle were visible for centuries "the cruel hackings and fierce blows" aimed at Richard; but this mute witness could not disprove what Henry of Lancaster wished to be believed, and tried to establish by the public lying-in-state—viz., that his victim had died a natural death. Nobody could have any pretence for espousing the part of the dead king; and this was another reason for that long pause in Cheapside, that all men might verify the fact for themselves. The object was not quite attained, however; and Henry V found it a measure of state policy to cause the exhumation of the poor body from its burial-place at Langley, and to hold with it a fresh funeral. Richard's corpse was seated in a rich chair or throne, and adorned with regal pomp; the conqueror of Agincourt, whose crown was the fruit of the murder, walked next his dead kinsman, and so conveyed him to Westminster Abbey, to lie next his dearly-loved Queen Anne of Bohemia.

A similar tragic pageant was the funeral of Henry VI, "holy Henry," as his subjects long named him, whose main fault was the being too gentle for his times. Edward IV, and Gloucester, and the rest of the bloody clique concerned in his assassination, desired to prove his death beyond dispute; and so he was "borne barefaced on his bier," from the Tower through Cheapside to St. Paul's, surrounded by Yorkist guards. But, saith the old annalist, "the silent witness of the blood that welled from his fresh wounds upon the pavement gave indubitable token of the manner of his death."

Only a few years before, in that very Cheapside, the gayest devices and richest splendours that loyalty could invent or citizen wealth pay for welcomed poor Henry's queen, Margaret of Anjou, to what proved a wretched royalty. "At every street-corner," says Stow, "were two puppets, in a moving pageant called Justice and Peace, made to kiss each other. . . . At the great conduit in Cheapside, the Wise and Foolish Virgins. At the cross in the Chepe, the Heavenly Jerusalem, with verses. At Paul's Gate, the General Resurrection and Judgment, with verses accordingly, all made by John Lydgate." This conduit, so often mentioned in connection with Cheapside, was a leaden cistern cased with stone, which took forty-eight years in building, and was considered a masterpiece of engineering. Into it flowed

water from certain springs in the vicinage of St. Mary's Bourn (now Marylebone), through leaden pipes six inches in diameter; and on occasion these pipes were caused to flow instead with wine, for delectation of the citizens. Thus Shakespeare represents Jack Cade (that much-abused popular reformer) as striking London Stone with his staff (old chroniclers say it was with his sword) and exclaiming—"Now is Mortimer lord of the city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that of the city's cost the priory conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign." Sovereigns more real than Jack Cade gave the same order. "The marvellous cunning pageants" that graced the coronation day of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn embodied fountains of Helicon, which "did run with right good Rhenish wine for the refreshment of the multitude;" and "the conduit of Cheapside ran, at one end white wine, at the other claret, all the afternoon." It had been rebuilt in 1479, and remained the great source of water-supply for this part of the city till Sir Hugh Myddelton brought in the New River, but was destroyed in the fire of 1666.



THE OLD CROSS IN CHEAPSIDE.

The Cheapside Cross, also mentioned above, stood near the conduit opposite Wood Street, and was one of Edward I's memorials to his beloved queen; erected 1290, and rebuilt more beautifully by Henry VI in 1441. At every royal entry it was gilt and burnished; but the image of the Virgin procured it great disfavour after the Reformation, and it finally perished at the hands of a Parliamentary troop of horse in 1643.

Eighteen years after Henry of Agincourt had celebrated the obsequies of his murdered cousin, his own funeral procession passed through the Chepe, on its way from France to Westminster Abbey. Fifteen bishops in their pontifical habits, and a numberless array of mitred abbots and vested priests, sang litanies for the dead

king through the streets; each householder standing at his door with a torch in his hand, to illuminate his monarch's last journey. What a mournfully picturesque scene! When his baby-successor was but three years old, Cheapside was again adorned for a festival; little Henry was set on a fair courser, held thereon by the stalwart arm of some nobleman, and conveyed through London for the people to behold. The historian relates that the royal child "looked sadly (or seriously) about him;" while the multitude tore the air with shouts, declaring that he had the features of his father, their idolised Henry V. And it all ended in the blood-stained bier before mentioned, when the blooming child had become the gray-haired old man of many griefs, and bent under a reign of fifty-seven years.

Even during his lifetime in captivity the fickle populace of the Chepe had cheered and applauded the queen of his rival, Edward IV, when she was carried through the city in grand procession to her coronation; seated in a litter borne on long poles, resembling a sedan-chair, except that it was "supported by stately prancing steeds." A few years passed, and Elizabeth Woodville's royal child entered London, conducted by the treacherous Gloucester, in deep mourning, with his cap in his hand, bowing low in reverence to the little purple-robed Edward V, whom he soon so foully murdered. It would make a good historical picture, that scene of hunchback Richard pointing out his fair young nephew to the citizens, while even then his false brain plotted the assassination that has stigmatized his memory for all time.

The boy's sister, Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII, enjoyed the regal honours so prematurely snatched from him. We are told of her procession through the Chepe, when thousands of the lieges beheld her in royal apparel, wearing a kirtle of white damasked cloth of gold, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine, with cords and tassels of gold as fastening. Her yellow hair, hanging down her back, was crowned with a golden circlet richly jewelled; she sat in an open litter, and a canopy was borne over her head by four knights of the Bath. Four baronesses on gray palfreys rode before her, and six brought up the rear. "The citizens hung velvets and cloth of gold from the windows of Cheap, and stationed children, dressed like angels, to sing praises to the queen as she passed on to Westminster Palace," writes Miss Strickland.

Elizabeth's impetuous son, Henry VIII, came into Cheapside the first year of his reign, disguised as a yeoman of the guard, to see the procession of the city watch on the eve of St. John. He had heard much of its splendour; and so pleased was he that next year he came openly to look at it, and brought also poor Katharine of Arragon and her ladies to the royal platform before mentioned. And they saw a procession of two thousand men, in their several divisions and uniforms, attended by giants, pages, morris-dancers, and moving pageants, "illuminated by nine hundred and forty cressets or large lanterns, fixt at the end of poles, and carried on men's shoulders. . . . and besides these the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens." Katharine's last public appearance in Cheapside had been on the occasion of her crowning, when the way was lined with maidens dressed in white, bearing palms of white wax in their hands, marshalled by priests in the richest vestments, who swung perfume on the queen's procession as she passed, from silver censers. Her litter was of white cloth of gold, two white horses drawing it; and after her came



a number of the noblest ladies of England, drawn in the ancient vehicles called whirlicotes.

But never had queen a more pompous progress through the city than the ill-fated supplanter of Katharine—Anne Boleyn. Cheapside was again hung with velvet and cloth of gold. All colours of the rainbow, all costliest gems, all richest tissues, flit before our imagination as we read the record. Herself was dressed in a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same, over which flowed her dark hair, bound by a circlet of rubies; her own palfrey followed the litter, bearing a side-saddle trapped down to the ground with cloth of gold. About fifty ladies came after, on horseback, in crimson velvet and gold; even the guard wore coats ornamented with beaten gold. "At Cheapside cross," writes the chronicler, "stood all the aldermen, from among whom advanced Master Walter, the city recorder, who presented the queen with a purse containing a thousand marks of gold, which she very thankfully accepted, with many goodly words. At the lesser conduit in Cheapside was a rich pageant, full of melody and song, where Pallas, Venus, and Juno gave the queen their apple of gold, divided in three compartments, being wisdom, riches, and felicity." Truly the last-named never seemed so conclusively within any human grasp as then in the beauteous queen's. "In the midst of that picturesque splendour," writes her biographer, "who could have anticipated what was in store for Anne Boleyn on the second anniversary of that gay and glorious day?"

Far other scenes than such of kingly splendour have been witnessed in Cheapside, to some of which we have already alluded. Nearly opposite to Honey Lane stood the celebrated Standard, rebuilt of stone in the reign of Henry IV, at the expense of a public-spirited testator. Constantly in the annals of the city we meet mention of it. Executions were often performed there, with the view of terrifying malcontent citizens. A strange scene was enacted at its foot in 1439, when one of the highest ladies in the land, Eleanor Cobham, wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, doffed her sandals and drew over her head a white sheet, and walked barefoot to St. Paul's with a wax taper of two pounds weight lighting in her hand, as penance for the crime of witchcraft. Around her, and accompanying her as witnesses of her humiliation, were the mayor, sheriffs, and guilds of London; and, after three successive days of this degradation, she was imprisoned for life in Chester Castle, glad at such price to escape the stake.

It was at the Standard that the seven traders were illegally hanged in 1339, by order from the lord mayor, for being of a party of skimmers and fishmongers that drove his civic troops off the field in Cheapside. Without judge or jury, but sitting merely in his magisterial capacity at Guildhall, the mayor sentenced them to death; but after the execution of his mandate he took care to get an amnesty from the king for his deed. Wat Tyler's mob beheaded several persons in the same place.

Tumults by the score have occurred in Cheapside. One of the most remarkable was that connected with "Evil May-day," as it was called. In 1517 there existed a particular jealousy of the foreigners and non-freemen who were allowed to exercise handicrafts and trades within the walls; and a whisper went abroad that on May-day the popular hate would come to its climax, and outrage be committed, even to the slaying every foreigner with the sword. Cardinal Wolsey sent for the lord mayor and sheriffs, and declared he would hold them responsible for the peace of the city. This meant matter of life and death in those days of despotism. A

common-hall was summoned in haste (and none too soon, for it was eight o'clock on the evening of 30th April), and orders were immediately issued to every household to shut up his house and keep strictly within doors, his children, apprentices, and servants, from nine o'clock that evening till nine o'clock the next morning. "Alderman Sir John Mundie, having just left the common hall, was passing through the Cheap on his way home, when he saw two apprentices playing at buckler in the middle of the street. It was a few minutes past nine o'clock, and, without staying to inquire whether the order had yet been published in that quarter, he threatened to send the two young men to the computer. The over-zealous alderman met with an insolent answer from the youths, who had no idea of leaving off the sport; and this having roused his ire, he seized one with the intention of dragging him to prison." Instantly the street resounded with the customary cry of "Prentices! prentices! Clubs! clubs!" and the next minute a boisterous crowd of young men had collected, armed with sticks, bills, halberts, glaives, etc. The alderman barely escaped with his life; and thus commenced a riot which broke open the prisons, and gave rise to a scene of almost unparalleled plunder and confusion. Three hundred prisoners were taken by the royal troops, and rumour ran that every one of them would be hanged. Ten gallows were set up for the purpose; but Henry VIII was yet in the merciful decade of his reign. He commanded that the mayor and civic authorities, together with all the prisoners, should appear before him in Westminster Hall. They came, dressed in mourning habiliments, as being under the royal displeasure—the poor prisoners in nought but their long white shirts, and ropes round their necks, bound together in couples. Sobs and cries alone answered when Wolsey asked them what they had to say in extenuation, and what reason they could allege why they should not all die? So the king ordered them to be discharged; and we dare venture to assert that they were peaceable apprentices ever after.

And such are some of the more ancient materials that might be gathered towards a chronicle of Cheapside. We have not space to follow the chronicle further, but we must mention the grand pageant when Queen Elizabeth swept along Cheapside in her progress from the Tower to Westminster. Near "the little conduit at the upper end of Cheapside," an old man, having a scythe and wings, representative of Father Time, issues from an artificial cave, leading by the hand another personage "clothed in white silk, gracefully apparelled," who represents Truth, Time's daughter, having in her hands a book, on which is written *Verbum Veritatis* (the Word of Truth). The lady in white makes a speech to the maiden queen, and hands her the sacred volume, which is taken by a gentleman, and placed in the royal hands. And as soon as she receives it, she kisses it, and, holding it up, lays it on her breast, and thanks her faithful Londoners for this present, saying "she would often read over that book."

## THE RIVER AND THE LAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WILD SPORTS IN TEXAS."

THERE is no country where the lover of the gun, the rifle, or the rod can wander more freely, or enjoy his sport more perfectly, than in America.

Unlike Africa, the sportsman in America, except upon the great prairies of the Far West, is rarely at too great

a distance from some settlement, where he can, if needful, renew his ammunition or the tackle for his rod.

Unlike the land of his birth, the British sportsman can wander at will, and fish the streams or shoot the game as freely as does the savage for subsistence, or the backwoods hunter for some settlement market.

He, too, if a scientific angler, who ties his own flies to suit the season or the ephemera upon the water, and who has a fly for every day, or every hour in the day, can whip the streams as much as he pleases; though perhaps he will not have much better success than some bare-legged backwoods urchin whose simple tackle consists of an eel-hook, a piece of twine, and a fresh-cut sapling, and whose artificial fly, if he attempted to make one, would resemble nothing living either on land or in water. Even in those primitive wilds it requires some skill to capture a properly brought-up trout; for, with a bright sky above, and clear water to play in, he is almost as wide awake as are his much persecuted brethren in British streams, who have almost all had their jaws tickled with a hook, some time or other, and who have become artists in bait, and very particular as to their food, for fear it may disagree with them.

Nature's true admirers, whether they belong to some home fishing-club, or are natives of the western world, will find much to love and admire in the wilderness: the graceful pine, the delicate silvery birch, the brawny oak, amongst whose topmost branches the squirrels play, shoot up on the banks of the rippling brooks, whose waters dance and sparkle where the sunlight pierces through, and amongst whose tiny waves the trout are splashing as they snatch the fluttering flies. These trees, however, though they add to the beauty of the scenery, are sadly in the way of the fly-fisher who would practise his art as he has been accustomed to do upon the salmon and trout streams of more open rivers and lakes, but they present no insurmountable obstacles to a child of the woods; and, if my readers will accompany old Bob Mosely with me, we will see how that ancient piscator would fish such a stream. Old Bob has lived in the woods ever since he can recollect, and a trifle earlier, as he was born in the forest. He has trapped, shot, and caught specimens of everything that runs, flies, or swims around him, and can "line" a bee and take the honey now as well as he could thirty years ago.

His mind would puzzle all the metaphysicians in Germany; for whilst no bodily opponent can scare him, yet he is as superstitious as an Indian, and spooks ("dead Injun ghosts" he calls them) and other fancies perpetually trouble him.

Of middle size, and square build, he must have proved in earlier days "a hard nut to crack" to the foraging red-skins; though, truth to say, the healthy, out-door, active life he has led has kept his muscles tough and wiry in spite of age. His broad-brimmed *sombrero* is never without a cast or two of gut, and some hooks twined around it; whilst the pockets of his greenish-grey jacket have constantly the end of a line trailing out. His nether garments are of no particular colour, so weather-stained and fringed have they become by long wear; but the belt which keeps them up also supports a knife and a small hatchet or tomahawk. His feet are covered with deerskin moccasins of his own killing, tanning, and make.

It is a hot and bright summer's morning as we walk through the forest to the bank of the stream where old Bob is about to give us a lesson in the "gentle art." The cat-bird mocks the tiny bark of the gray squirrel or the short notes of the cardinal as he hears them, but

old Bob pays no attention to these sounds as we follow him in Indian file.

All at once he stops: his eye has caught the form of a humble-bee as it flew by him, and he has marked it down near or beneath yon mossy tussock at the root of that old oak. Picking up a broad piece of bark, he walks to the tussock and shakes it with his foot; an angry bee flies out, and is instantly knocked down; another and another are served in the same way, till he has collected a dozen, and consigned them to his bait-box.

Again we move forward: again we halt. Old Bob's quick ear has caught the click, click of the "saw-cut," and his eye has determined that the sounds come from yonder rotten old pine-stump. A piece of bark is chopped off with the ready tomahawk, and half a dozen fat grubs are added to the contents of the bait-box.

At last we reach the stream, and the "fishing-pole" is made ready. A gaudy "Palmer," made up of a red hackle and yellow worsted, is cautiously "dipped" over the bank, the light breeze floats it away, and then lets it drop naturally upon the water; and altogether it looks very killing indeed, but not a fish is tempted by it. Old Bob gives a wink at the fiery sky, and another at the clear water, shakes his head, and removes the fly.

Another "bottom" is put upon the line, to which is attached a moderate-sized Limerick hook, upon which is a fine, fat, yellow grub.

The current has scarcely carried the bait half a dozen yards before a fish has seized it, and the line cuts the water like a knife-blade, as the trout rushes off with it. Old Bob instantly "butts" him, to get him up clear of weeds or fallen branches, and, after a short but sharp struggle, he is landed. Again and again the experiment is repeated, till fine good fish are in the creel.

Splash! and a hundred widening circles show where a splendid fish rose under yonder bank; but how is it possible to get at him? A sloping tree grows out from the bank, and runs almost parallel to the water for a few yards, and then shoots upwards. Its branches are connected with those of the other trees upon the bank with a perfect net-work of tangled vines. The most skilful fly-fisher could not hope to cast a fly upon that inky pool, and equally hopeless is it to expect the breeze to carry out the "dapper." But old Bob's genius is equal to the occasion.

No thought has he of cutting away a single tendril from the overhanging vines—he knows that would only scare the fish and spoil their shaded haunts; yet he feels as certain of getting that fish, which has just now disturbed the calmness of the still pool, as though it were now floundering upon the grass at his feet.

Judging the distance to an inch with his eye, he coils up upon a piece of light bark some five-and-twenty yards of line, and upon the hook attached to it he secures one of the humble-bees he procured in his morning's walk to the place, and then launches the bark upon the stream so cunningly that it shall be floated to the dark pool, the line paying off easily as it floats along.

How well he has judged the distance! As the bark swims under the slanting tree the line is exhausted, and the bee drops naturally off, as though it fell from the tree above.

Splash again: the fish has seized the bait, but this time there is a line attached to it, and stout muscles are at the other extremity, and soon old Bob hauls in his struggling victim.

Half a dozen humble-bees are thus floated out, and the best tenants of the hole are induced to come out and escort old Bob home. By this time he has caught enough fish; for he has promised to show us how he "floats" for deer on the lake which is fed by the stream

he has just been fishing. So, winding up the line and emptying his bait-box, we gather up the spotted trout and move homeward.

Arrived at old Bob's shanty, the best of the trout are broiled, whilst the others are cleaned and packed in moss for sale at the little town some twelve miles distant, and the "jack" and canoe are prepared for "floating."

The nights most favourable for killing deer by "floating" are those when there is no moon; and, should the stars be shut in by thin fleecy clouds, it will be all the better.

The preparations are of the simplest. A piece of tin bent round like the half of a lantern, and fitted to hold a candle, is fastened upon a stick in the bow of the canoe; the tin serving to throw the light forward, whilst all behind the canoe and its occupants is in darkness.

Behind the light, and invisible, sits the rifleman: in the stern is the paddler.

Nothing could be more favourable for our sport; for the night was "as black as a wolf's throat" when I took my seat behind the "jack," whilst old Bob handled the paddle.

Skirting the lily-pods, wild rice, and other aquatic plants, we floated slowly along, and as silently as ghosts; though, had the paddle been less skilfully handled, the frogs would have concealed the noise of our approach, as every broad round lily leaf had at least one frog upon it, and their mingled croaking would have almost drowned the advance of a troop of cavalry.

Mile after mile was thus traversed, and a careful watch was kept, not only to catch the sounds of the deer splashing the water, as they waded about feeding, but also to detect their shining eyes as the light of the "jack" flashed upon them.

Not only mile after mile, but hour after hour was thus passed, and we had been able to discover no game; and I began to think that I should be glad to compromise the matter with a doe or even a fawn. Suddenly my eye caught two apparently leafless branches, which a more careful inspection showed to be antlers. The stag throws up his head as the long slanting rays flash across his sight. The light amazes the stag, who stands to gaze as the paddle cautiously forces the canoe nearer and nearer.

Within range at last, the rifle is slowly raised, a puff of white smoke hangs over the boat in the heavy night air, a thousand echoes float around the lake, a dash is heard where the deer stood, and then a fall; the canoe is forced to the spot with half a dozen sweeps of the paddle, and, after much careful manœuvring, the carcass is lifted into the ticklish craft.

Then the canoe is turned round, and the bow pointed for the shanty; and as we glide over, rather than through the water, some wild hunting-song rings out upon the night air; or, if more silently inclined, we send out clouds of fragrance from our pipes; and to myself there comes the remembrance of some lines, in which an American poet has touchingly described such a scene:—

Unapprehensive, thus at night  
The wild deer, looking from the brake  
To where there gleams a fitful light  
Dotted upon the rippling lake,  
Sees not the silver spray-drop dripping  
From the little ear, which, softly dipping,  
Impels the wily hunter's boat;  
But on his ruddy torch's rays,  
As nearer, clearer now they float,  
The fated quarry stands to gaze;  
And, dreaming not of cruel sport,  
Withdraws not then his gentle eyes  
Until the rifle's sharp report  
The simple creature hears, and dies."

—C. F. Hoffman.

## Varieties.

**CAUTION TO BUYERS OF LAND ALLOTMENTS.**—It is often advantageous to working men and persons in the middle ranks of life to purchase a small piece of land, especially when such land lies in the near neighbourhood of the place in which they reside. They find recreation and profit in tilling it, and often, if they are industrious, they can succeed in erecting a dwelling upon it, and are thus enabled to live in their own freehold house. We could point to many working men in London who have accomplished this, and we need hardly say there is not one of them who has not materially bettered his circumstances by so doing. But we must warn all our friends to exercise due caution in making their purchases, lest carelessness in this respect should land them in difficulty. A correspondent in Devonshire writes to tell us that, having bought an allotment from a certain Land Society—said allotment being the twenty-third part of a small estate—the lawyers have come down upon him for the tithes due upon the whole estate. The value of our friend's allotment is about £2 10s. a year, while the annual tithe-charge is £4 8s.; so that he has invested his purchase-money in entitling himself to an annual loss of £1 18s. Who are the parties guilty of this flagrant injustice does not appear. The lawyers, it may be assumed, are but doing their duty in the way least troublesome to themselves, and need hardly be expected to diverge from their routine course. Whether the Land Society will take upon themselves to indemnify the victim, as they are bound in equity to do, we cannot say. Meanwhile, let all intending purchasers of allotments be quite certain what they are about.

**UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.**—Dr. Temple, of Rugby, advocates extension of the University of Oxford by admitting undergraduates in free residence without being attached to any existing college. The present number of undergraduates is about 1400. A new college would add 100 to this number; enlargement of existing colleges might add 200; but this extension is far short of the requirements of the times. "There is one way," writes Dr. Temple, in a letter to "The Times," "of opening the University to all, and one way only; and that is to allow them to become undergraduates without belonging to any college or hall. Demand the needful testimonials to character, ascertain before admitting them that they have reached a proper standard of knowledge, make regulations to ensure due discipline, require proper certificates before each examination to prove that they have resided the legal number of days in each term, and then let them live and study where and how they will. No other plan holds out any real prospect of making Oxford cheap. In cases such as this there is, you may depend upon it, no economy like freedom. A poor student left to himself can choose his own privations, and fit them to his own ability to bear; can choose his own society; can contract his expenditure if he find it too great—can do all this without exciting unpleasant remark. The same man in a college is compelled to share some expenses which he would be quite willing to dispense with, is to a certain extent drawn into society whether he likes it or not; always spends more money, and often finds less comfort. I have no doubt that a very large number of men would get a University education on the open system for £50 a year, and many for a good deal less."

**FRIENDLY SOCIETIES IN FRANCE.**—In France, between 1852 and 1863, the number of societies increased from 2438 to 4721; the members from 270,000 to 680,000; and their funds from £400,000 to £1,400,000 (sterling).

**THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF THE SAVOY.**—This royal and very ancient church, in great part destroyed by fire in July 1864, has now risen again from its ruins at the cost of the Queen, as Duchess of Lancaster, to the great gratification of the parishioners and of persons of archaeological taste. It has been rebuilt at a cost of about £5000, under the superintendence of Mr. Sydney Smirke, architect; the roof has been embellished very much after the design of that which was destroyed, but with greater splendour; the great window over the altar has been magnificently painted, and a fine organ erected at the southern end of the chapel. Over the window is a Latin inscription to the effect that it was presented by the inhabitants of the precinct in 1843, destroyed with the chapel in 1864, and restored by Queen Victoria, in memory of the Prince Consort, in 1865.



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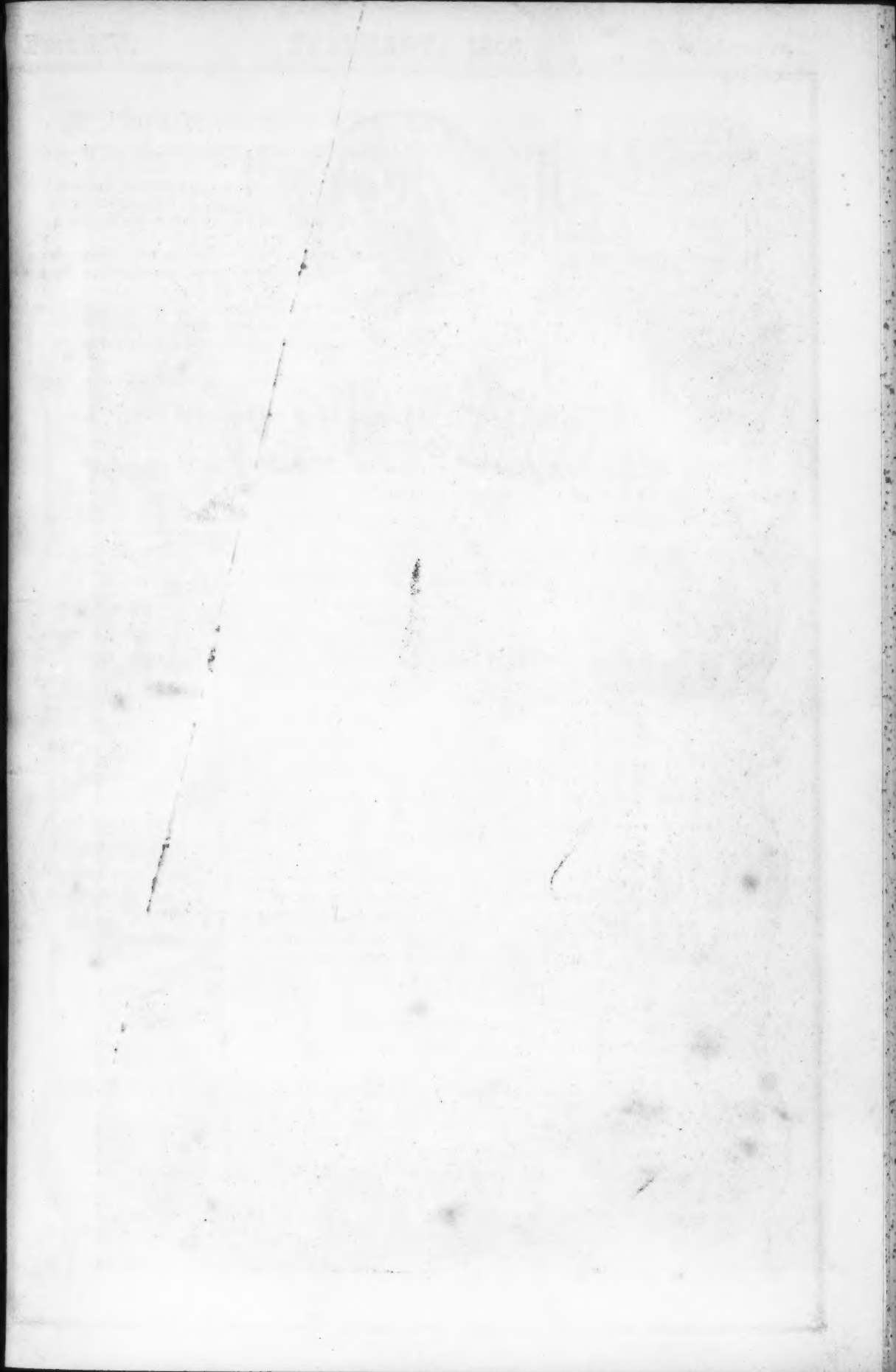
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